

Lason

Ode performed in the Senate House at Cambridge, July 1, 1749 ESTC



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ODE

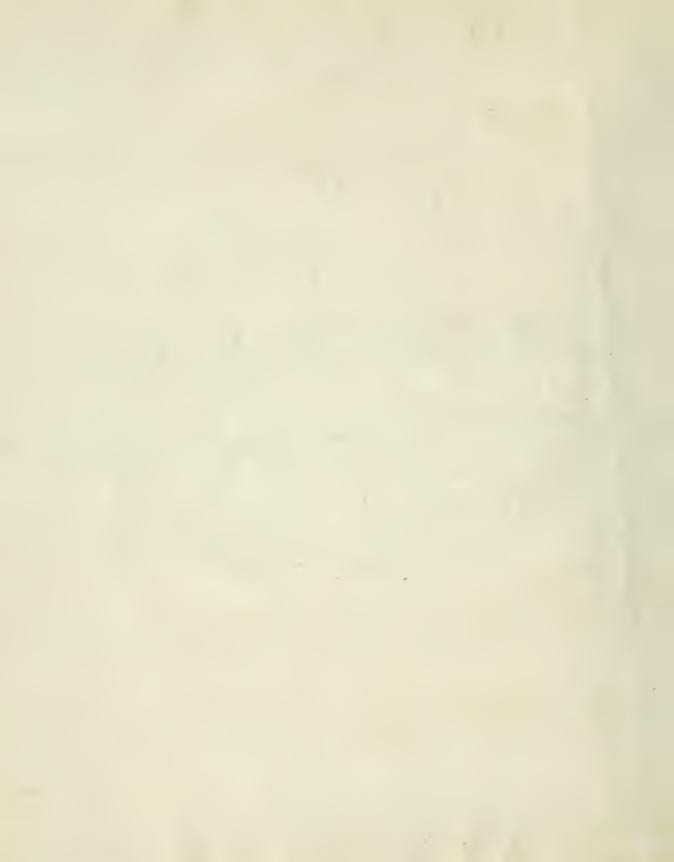
FOR

MUSIC.

Performed in the

SENATE-HOUSE at CAMBRIDGE

July 1, 1749.



O D E

Performed in the

SENATE-HOUSE at CAMBRIDGE Fuly 1, 1749.

AT THE

Installation of His GRACE Thomas Holles Duke of Nervastle CHANCELLOR of the University.

—— canit errantem Permessi ad slumina Gallum Aonas in Montes ut duxerit una sororum Utque viro Phæbi chorus assurrexerit omnis.

VIRGIL.

By Mr. MASON,

FELLOW of PEMBROKE-HALL.

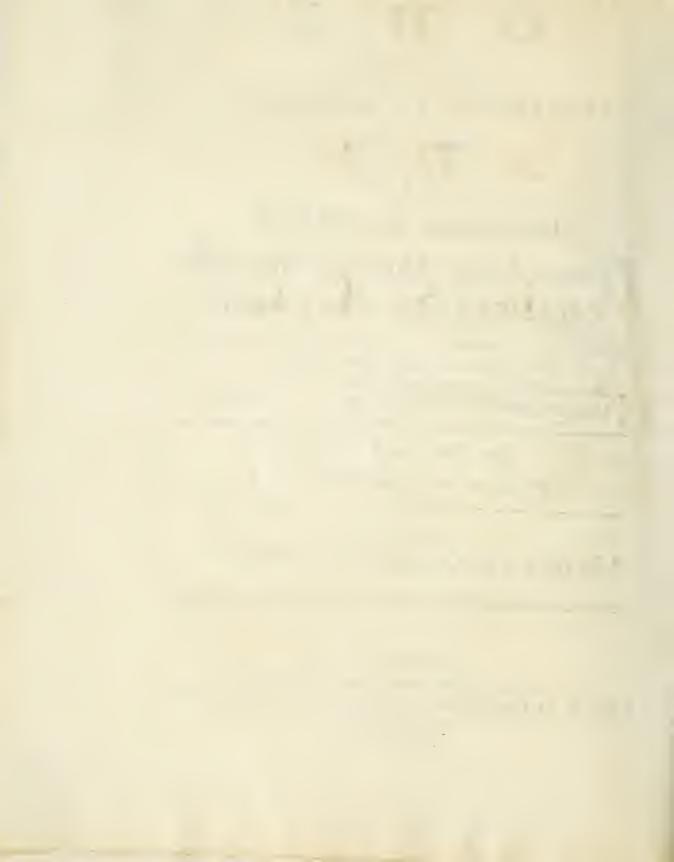
Set to Music by

Mr. BOYCE, Composer to His MAJESTY.

CAMBRIDGE,

Printed by J. BENTHAM, Printer to the University;
Sold by W. THURLBOURN, Bookseller in Cambridge; and R. Dodsley,
in Pall-Mall, London.

M.DCC.XLIX.



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ODE

FOR .

MUSIC.

I.

HERE all thy active fires diffuse,
Thou genuin British Muse;

Hither descend from yonder orient sky,

Cloth'd in thy heav'n-wove robe of harmony.

Come, imperial queen of fong;

Come with all that free-born grace,

Which lifts thee from the fervile throng,

Who meanly mimic thy majestic pace;

That glance of dignity divine,

Which speaks thee of celestial line;

Proclaims thee inmate of the fky,

Daughter of Jove and Liberty.

Recitative.

Air I.

The

II.

Recitative.

The elevated foul, who feels

Thy awful impulse, walks the fragrant ways

Of honest unpolluted praise:

He with impartial justice deals

The blooming chaplets of immortal lays:

He flys above ambition's low carreer;

And nobly thron'd in Truth's meridian sphere,

Thence, with a bold and heav'n-directed aim,

III.

Full on fair Virtue's shrine he pours the rays of Fame.

Air II.

Goddes! thy piercing eye explores
The radiant range of Beauty's stores,
The steep ascent of pine-clad hills,
The silver slope of falling rills;
Catches each lively-colour'd grace,
The crimson of the Wood-nymphs sace,
The verdure of the velvet lawn,
The purple in the eastern dawn,
Or all those tints, which rang'd in vivid glow
Mark the bold sweep of the celestial bow.

IV.

But chief she lifts her tuneful transports high,

When to her intellectual eye

The mental beauties rife in moral dignity:

The facred zeal for Freedom's cause,

That fires the glowing Patriot's breast;

The honest pride, that plumes the Hero's crest

When for his country's aid the steel he draws;

Or that, the calm yet active heat,

With which mild Genius warms the Sages heart,

To lift fair Science to a loftier feat,

Or stretch to ampler bounds the wide domain of art.

These, the best blossoms of the virtuous mind,

She culls with tafte refin'd;

From their ambrofial bloom

With bee-like skill she draws the rich perfume,

And blends the fweets they all convey

In the fost balm of her mellisluous lay.

V.

Is there a clime, where all these beauties rise

In one collected radiance to her Eyes?

Recitative.

Air III.

Recitative.

Is there a plain, whose genial soil inhales

Glory's invigorating gales,

Her brightest beams where Emulation spreads,

Her kindliest dews where Science sheds,

Where ev'ry stream of Genius slows,

Where ev'ry slower of Virtue glows?

Thither the Muse exulting slies,

There she loudly cries ——

Chorus I.

All Hail, All hail,

Majestic GRANTA! hail thy awful name Dear to the Muse, to Liberty, to Fame.

VI.

Recitative. You too, illustrious Train, she greets

Who first in these inspiring seats

Caught the bright beams of that ætherial fire, Which now sublimely prompts you to aspire

To deeds of noblest note: whether to sheild

Your country's liberties, your country's laws;

Or in Religion's hallow'd cause

To hurl the shafts of reason, and to weild

Those heav'nly-temper'd arms whose rapid force

Arrests base Falshood in her impious course,

And drives rebellious Vice indignant from the field.

VII.

And now she tunes her plausive song

Air IV.

To you her sage domestic throng;

Who here, at Learning's richest shrine,

Dispence to each ingenuous youth

The treasures of immortal truth,

And open Wisdom's golden mine.

Each youth inspir'd by your persuasive art, Recitative.

Clasps the dear form of virtue to his heart;

And feels in his transported foul Enthusiastic raptures roll,

Gen'rous as those the Sons of Cecrops caught

In hoar Lycæum's shades from Plato's fire-clad thought.

VIII.

O GRANTA! on thy happy plain

Air V.

Still may these Attic glories reign:

Still mayst thou keep thy wonted state

In unaffected grandeur great;

Great as at this illustrious hour,

Recitative.

When HE, whom GEORGE's well-weigh'd choice

And ALBION's gen'ral voice

Have lifted to the fairest heights of pow'r,

When

When He appears, and deigns to shine
The leader of thy learned line;
And bids the verdure of thy olive bough
Mid all his civic chaplets twine,
And add fresh glories to his honor'd brow.

IX.

Air VI. Haste then, and amply o'er his head

The gracefull foliage spread;

Meanwhile the Muse shall snatch the trump of Fame,

And lift her swelling accents high,

To tell the World that PELHAM's name

Is dear to Learning as to Liberty.

Full Chorus. The Muse shall snatch the trump of Fame,

And lift her swelling accents high,

To tell the world that PELHAM's name

Is dear to Learning as to Liberty.

FINIS.



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